

The True Northerner.

PAW PAW, MICHIGAN.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

What Shall It Be?

Now there isn't a girl or boy of you
That will laugh, yet for all it is true
That a little while in each other's hands
With magical brushes in either hand:

And they paint your faces—how do I know?
I never have seen them—'tis true that is so;
But I've read about them, and know quite well
How the work is done; if you like, I'll tell.

Let one of you smile, the elf at the right
Dots down some dimples, scarce seen at first sight;
But laugh again, hearty, laugh every day—
Soon even tears cannot wash them away.

Now the elf at the left I fully depose;
He draws ugly marks between your two eyes,
And always seems glad when you are real grown;
I think should he die it would be no great loss.

Though 'tis not pleasant to have him about,
Yet he cannot harm you, I know, without
You give your consent; then, he quickly will trace
A line for each from his hand on your face.

And so in good time we shall all of us grow
Ugly or handsome—'tis sure to be so—
Whether suited or not, we cannot complain
Of those tireless workmen, the elfin train.

One Saturday.

"At what time shall we start, Harry?"
"Say, Hal, did you say your Uncle Ben
would come for us with his large wagon?"
"Shall we go round the hill or over it?"
Such were the questions eagerly asked
by a merry group of children, just
dismissed from school, one beautiful October Friday.

At noon that day Harry Brown's older
sister, Helen, had suggested that a
nuptial party be arranged for the morning,
and the days being so warm and bright,
that they should try their luck and
have one more picnic before winter.

Harry and Bessie were of course
delighted with the plan, and started for
school early in order to have time to
invite all the boys and girls of their class.
Just as they were going out the gate
they met their Uncle Ben, and in a minute
he knew all their plan. Now, we
should have thought Uncle Ben old, but
his heart was young as ever. "Oh,
dear, I wish I belonged to your class,"
he said, making believe he felt very sad
about it.

"Oh, Uncle Ben, do come. They all
would like it, I know; and then you tell
such splendid stories; now won't you?"
"No, thank you. I have business out
of town for the forenoon, but in the
afternoon I shall be out by the chestnut
grove with my large wagon, and will
give you all a ride home if you like."

"You dear, good Uncle Ben; that will
make our fun perfect, I do believe," said
enthusiastic Bess.

The afternoon seemed long, and their
thoughts often wandered from the palm
groves, about which they were studying,
to the chestnut grove over the hill; but
the bell for dismissal finally rang, and
after a merry discussion of ways and
means for the morrow they separated.

Morning came, but to the dismay of all
it was raining fast, while every now and
then a sharp gust of wind whirled the
fading leaves from the trees. Every-
thing promised a dreary day, and even if
it should brighten up, the woods would
be too damp for a picnic.

Harry and Bessie came down stairs
looking very forlorn, and feeling woefully
disappointed. Bessie stood by the win-
dow awhile, and finally declared that
it was never pleasant if she wanted a good
time, and that her fun was always
spoiled. While Harry, with a martyr-
like air, performed the double duties just
then belonging to him, for his father and
mother had gone to the Centennial.

Helen was sorry for the children, but
told them to be patient, and see if the
day would not bring something good.
After the silent breakfast Harry and
Bessie commenced their usual Saturday
tasks with rather an ungracious manner.

After finishing them they found the rain
had ceased, although the clouds were
dark as ever. For a time they wandered
aimlessly about, and suddenly, in almost
the same breath, they cried:

"Oh, Helen, what shall we do?"
"Well, Harry, I was just thinking, if
you wish, you might ask your little
friends to bring their picnic baskets and
try an in-door picnic in our great attic."

Harry needed no urging, and in an
hour all the children were there. The
baskets were given into Helen's care,
then she showed the way to the large,
roomy attic, which was well lighted. As
she left the children, she proposed they
call the attic their village, while they
should be the people living there; but
soon loud voices called her up stairs, and
she found them disagreeing sadly.

"Come, come, children, this will never
do! I think you would better choose a
Mayor to take charge of affairs, as they
do in cities. Supposing we have this
box for a ballot-box, and let each one
vote, then the one who has the largest
number of votes shall have the office."

Harry brought pencil and paper, and
the votes were quickly written, and soon
Helen, who was always a great favorite,
much to her surprise, found herself
elected.

"This shall be my office," she said,
taking a chair by one of the windows,
and I think I will be a lawyer, too, and
all difficulties can be brought to me for
settlement. Now, don't you think it
would be well to name our little village
Salemville—the village of peace," she
added, with a meaning look at the now
happy group before her.

All liked this, and went eagerly to
their play; but in a few moments the
complaint came that some were taking
more than their share of room.

"Then I must survey the village,"
said Helen.

Taking a piece of crayon, she drew
two lines from one end of the attic
to the other, making them four feet
apart.

"This shall be the village street," she
said. "Now we are fourteen, so seven
can live one side the street and seven
the other, and, as the attic is forty-two
feet long, how much room can you each
have?"

"Six feet," answered a chorus of
voices.

"Yes, your lots would be six feet
front, as men would say, and from the
street back."

All were satisfied with Helen's de-
cision, and rapidly affairs assumed a
business-like air. Packed away in boxes
and chests were magazines, old play-
things, and clothing, with which Mrs.

Brown was willing the children should
play, if they would put them back in
place.

Helen was much interested in the
progress of the make-believe village.
Soon the first sign appeared:

"Harry Brown, M. D.,"
while the array of bottles, the boxes of
paper pills, the powders of fine sand,
multiplied in a ratio which would have
startled an older community.

In a short time, opposite the doctor's,
one learned there could be found a fine
assortment of groceries. Helen had been
wondering why Ned Lyman was so care-
fully piling up boxes with alternating
spaces; but in a few moments she found
he was making for himself the position
he always coveted, for he was Postmaster
of Salemville.

The unexpected announcement of a
postoffice gave much pleasure to the
little people; and immediately Bessie found
in her millinery shop a corner for the sale
of paper and pencils, which was well
patronized. As the buying and selling
went on, Helen thought she heard the
rattle of brass pins instead of the finger-
ing of silver. Was she right, think
you?

"Where can Fred Arnold be?" was at
length the inquiry; for Fred was usually
leader in all mischief. In a moment he
appeared, attired in a dress coat of former
days, high collar, white neckerchief,
stovepipe hat, and gold-bowed spectacles,
while in his hand was a cane. He walked
slowly down the street and mailed a let-
ter with due dignity, introducing him-
self to the postmaster as the Rev. Josiah
Jenkins. He then called upon Dr.
Brown, with whom he had a lengthy con-
sultation in regard to his throat diffi-
culty.

Some of the girls were contented with
quiet lives, and gave their attention to
arranging their tiny homes and caring
for their babies.

Merry times they had visiting to-
gether, when suddenly Anna Jane Jones
was stricken with croup. Dr. Brown was
quickly summoned, while Postmaster
Lyman was kept busy, sending telegrams
to distant friends. Soon it was rumored
on the street that Anna Jane was dan-
gerously ill. Dr. Brown went back and
forth with a grave, abstracted air, such
as he had seen his father wear when
much worried over some severe case of
sickness.

Helen heard that callers were strictly
forbidden, but thinking she might be of
some service she went to the door and
knocked. Mrs. Jones met her, and im-
mediately asked her to come in and see
the dear sick child who was so very pa-
tient. Helen found the dear sick Anna
Jane was a fine-looking china doll, whose
rosy cheeks were covered with pieces of
white cloth in order to give her a sickly
look; her throat was encircled with
many bandages, while Dr. Brown was
hard at work applying plasters, but so
real seemed her sickness to the earnest
child that Helen restrained the smile
she felt like giving, even when her eyes
fell upon the many empty vials and boxes
upon the table, whose contents would
have killed a common child. At length
Dr. Brown pronounced her breathing
more natural, and soon she was declared
out of danger. When Helen returned to
her office she found a note inviting her
to dine with the Rev. Josiah Jenkins. In
honor of the event she pinned on a wide
collar, and, twisting up her back hair,
combed the front smoothly over her ears,
leaving her curls hanging each side, in
imitation of some literary person.

"Ringing the bell of the Rev. Mr. Jen-
kins, Helen was answered by a colored
servant in whom she thought she recog-
nized curly-haired little Tommy Gray.
Katie Bradford, acting the part of Mrs.
Jenkins, received her with much dignity.
At the dinner-table she met the Hon.
Mr. Chandler, M. C., with his lady; his
words upon the election just passed
sounded strangely like those of the Frank
Dodds of every-day life, who was noted
for his fondness for high-sounding de-
clamations and great admiration of public
life.

The dinner table seemed rather a
shaky affair, and once almost tipped
over, when the Rev. Josiah turned to
Helen, and calmly informed her they had
a new style of table purchased at the
Centennial, and the servant was not yet
quite used to arranging it. The dinner
consisted of crackers and apples; but
they were served in so many ways, and
under so many names, that Helen al-
most feared dyspepsia. The colored
waiter very promptly answered the calls
of the bell, and removed the many
courses with great alacrity.

Helen, with many regrets, left at an
early hour. Reaching her office she
looked out the window, to learn from the
town clock the true time of the great
world, for it was nearly evening in their
little make-believe village. She found
it was between 1 and 2 o'clock, so hastily
taking up her pencil she wrote fifteen
little notes thus:

The Mayor of Salemville requests the pleasure
of your company at dinner to-day, at 2
p.

Saturday, Oct. 14, 1876.

These little notes she carried to the
office; then taking Dr. Harry as her as-
sistant, she went down to the dining-
room. The large extension table was
quickly arranged; while Helen unpacked
the contents of the baskets and placed
them upon the table, Harry arranged
some nice dishes of fruit; a few vases
of ferns and leaves made the table very
handsome. "Now, Dr. Harry, sound
the bell for 2 o'clock." A merry time
the children had at the Mayor's dinner,
giving and guessing conundrums, and
listening to Helen's stories. The clouds
were fast breaking away, and just as they
rose from the table the sun burst forth;
at the same instant a rap was heard at
the door, and Uncle Ben walked into
their midst. Helen quickly introduced
the children in their new characters.
Uncle Ben gave each a hearty shake of
the hand and happy word, and gladly
accepted their unanimous invitation to
visit Salemville. After all the wonders
of the little village had been shown,
Helen asked for a speech.

"Yes, a story, a story," was the cry.

"No, no," said Uncle Ben, "who ever
heard of all the people in a village get-
ting together and asking for a story; but
I want to say I am much pleased with
your new play, and the nice way in which
you have arranged your little homes and
stores. I think I am pretty well ac-
quainted with you all, and notice you
have nearly all chosen the position you
think you would most like, if you were
really men and women. Now, if you are
willing to try, I think before many years
you won't have to make believe, but can

really be such men and women. Have
some object in view, be sure it is a good
one, and then pursue it. Don't be dis-
couraged because you are poor, but
work. Nearly every man and woman
works hard for their position, and I
hope the little people of Salemville will
show they can work, too. Now, wouldn't
you like a ride to finish your happy
day?"

"Yes, sir," was their hearty reply, and
a long ride, leaving each one finally at
home, brought their good time to a jolly
end.

"After all my grumbling this morning,
I have had a splendid day," said Harry,
as he and Bessie watched the moon
rise.

"So have I," said Bessie, "and I do
wish I could remember something good
surely comes after my disappointments,
and never make a fuss again."

Ah, little Bessie, many an older per-
son has failed to learn that blessed
lesson.—*New York Tribune.*

MOTHER GOOSE.

Her Biography.

At the Christmas festival of the Sunday-
school of the new Old South Church,
Boston, the Rev. J. M. Manning made
an address, in the course of which he
stated the interesting fact that "Mother
Goose" was not a myth, but a veritable
person, and a member of the Old South
Church. He said:

There are many things in the history
of the Old South Church, Boston, which
help to make its name famous. There is
one thing which has not had the recogni-
tion it deserves.

In the list of admissions for the year
1698 occurs the immortal name of Eliza-
beth Goose. I almost beg pardon of her
memory for saying "Elizabeth," since,
by the unanimous verdict of the world,
in whose heart her name is inscribed,
she is known as "Mother" Goose. So,
then, Mother Goose is no myth, as some
have thought, but once lived in Boston,
in veritable flesh and blood, as the records
of the Old South Church clearly show.

The maiden name of this venerable
ady, mother of us all, was Elizabeth
Foster. She lived in Charlestown—
where she was born—until her marriage.
Then she came to Boston, where her
thrifty husband, Isaac Goose, had a green
pasture ready for her, on what is now
Washington street, and including the
land in and about Temple place. She
was his second wife, and began her ma-
ternal life as stepmother to ten children.
These all seem to have been lively little
goings, and to their number she rapidly
added six more. One of these, her
daughter Elizabeth, became the wife of
Thomas Fleet. And here is the fact to
which we owe it that her name and fame
are spread through the world. Thomas
Fleet was a printer, living in Pudd-
ing lane, a place whose very name
had so savory a taste in the dear old
lady's mouth that when Thomas
Fleet became a happy father she
insisted on going to live with him as
nurse of honor to his son and heir. No
doubt she would have been glad to save
Rome, as certain other geese once did
with their cackling, but, lacking the op-
portunity to do this, she sang her ditties
from morning till night, "up-stairs and
down-stairs and in my lady's chamber,"
till her son-in-law became sensibly
alarmed at the fertility of her genius.
Sing she must, however, for was she not
a poet, full of the divine fire which re-
fuses to be quenched?

And now it was not a Roman Senate,
but a Boston printer, that her persistent
music awakened. A happy thought oc-
curred to Thomas Fleet. He printed
and sold songs and ballads at his print-
ing house in Pudding lane. Was it not
a sign of something good about to come
to him that this precious mother-in-law,
with her endless rockings and lullabies,
had put herself in his way? He stopped
asking the irrepressible songster to rock
less, and urged her to sing more. And
while she sat in her arm-chair, or shuf-
fled about the room lost in sweet dreams,
he carefully wrote down what he could
of rhymes which fell from her lips.
His notes rapidly accumulated, and in a
little while he had enough of them to
make a volume. These he now printed,
and bound them into a book, which he
offered for sale under the following
title: "Songs for the Nursery; or,
Mother Goose's Melodies for Children."
Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing
House, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price,
two coppers. This title page also bore
a large cut of a veritable goose, with
wide-open mouth, showing that the pro-
verbial irreverence of some-in-law is not
a thing of recent origin.

Such is the true story of Mother
Goose. Her little book started forth on
its errand. It grew and multiplied with
each new edition. It made her dear
name a household word wherever it
went. What shore or fastness has it
not visited? Where is the home in
which its loving rhymes are not sung?
It is one of the few books which cannot
grow stale or be destroyed. Not Homer
or Shakespeare is so sure of immortal
fame as Mother Goose.

The Fixed Washstand.

With sunshine and an open fire, there
is only the other customary enemy to be
got rid of in the bedroom, and that is the
fixed washstand. The machine is useful
enough in public places, in hotels and
restaurants, but ought to be banished
both for sanitary and æsthetic reasons,
from our domestic life. Leaving out of
view the expense of plumbing arrange-
ments, their liability to get out of order,
the frequency with which they get
stopped up, the freezing in winter, and
all the evils water and drain-pipes are
heir to, I believe it is now admitted that
the drain-pipes are a source of a great
deal of the diseases of our cities, and
even of our country towns. Convinced
of this, and seeing no certain way to pre-
vent the evil so long as drain-pipes are
allowed in bedrooms, many people now-
adays are giving up fixed washstands
altogether, and substituting the old-
fashioned arrangement of a movable piece
of furniture with movable apparatus, the
water being brought in pitchers, and the
slops carried bodily away in their native
slop-jars.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Col. Robert Ingersoll's father was a
stout old Presbyterian parson in
Northern Ohio; and, even when the
frosts of fifty winters had whitened his
hairs, he was the champion wrestler of
the village.

THE EASTERN IMBROGLIO.

The Situation in Turkey—The Policy of
the "Great Powers"—Russia's Menacing
Attitude Toward Turkey.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

Once more the situation in European
Turkey grows warlike, and what seemed,
immediately after the adjournment of the
conference, to be a back-down upon the
part of Russia, now appears to be a mas-
terly Russian policy to gain time, which
meanwhile will prove almost as disas-
trous to the Turks as an active campaign,
the Russian Cabinet seems to have been
entirely unfounded, as he has just issued
a very significant circular to all the guar-
anteeing powers, which, in plain En-
glish, asks them what they are going to
do about the Porte's refusal to accede to
their unanimous demand. In sending
this circular Russia has manifested an
unexpected deference to the other powers
—unexpected because in the Moscow
speech the Czar boldly declared that
Russia was prepared to act in her own
behalf, and would do so if the Porte
refused the ultimatum. Prince Gortschakoff,
however, now takes the ground
that as Europe, by its united diplomatic
action, has shown an interest in the East-
ern question, and a desire for the main-
tenance of peace, and has recognized it
to be a duty as well as a right to co-operate
for that end, the Russian Government
can do no less than ascertain what atti-
tude they are likely to observe toward
Turkey before it makes its own decision.

Undoubtedly the only apprehension
felt by Russia is with regard to the pos-
sible course of Austria. England has
over and over again affirmed her deter-
mination to merely hold herself free to
guard her own interests. She has
washed her hands of the Turk. If there
was any indignity in the Porte's refusal
of the propositions of the conference,
the weight of that indignity falls upon
England, as England proposed the con-
ference, and drew up the basis upon
which it was to meet, after the Berlin
memorandum had been rejected. There
is no danger therefore that England will
interfere in a Russo-Turkish war, as she
did in the days of the Crimea, unless her
own interests should be exposed.

Germany is desirous of war, first, be-
cause of her own natural hatred of the
Turk, and second, because it would
bring about a general confusion, in
which the far-sighted Bismarck would
have an opportunity of carrying out his
ulterior designs with reference to France
and Holland, and possibly the Germanic
provinces of Austria, and it is with this
end in view that Germany is continually
urging Austria to join hands with Rus-
sia. The declaration of the *Allgemeine
Zeitung*, that "this understanding
should not only extend to what is not to
be done, but to what is to be," and that
"the allied Emperors must prepare re-
solutions to show that three mighty
sovereigns have not joined hands only
for theoretical speculations and
festive meetings," reflects the tone of the
whole German press. With Austria,
Russia is already in negotiations, com-
menced immediately after the close of
the conference by Gen. Ignatieff, who re-
turned home by way of Vienna. Austria
has 16,000,000 of the Slavie race sym-
pathizing with their kinsmen in Turkey,
but her Hungarian and German influ-
ences are opposed to the Russians.
Whether these influences will be resisted
by the Government remains to be seen,
but it is not improbable that an alliance
with Russia, with the certainty of Tur-
kish spoils for her reward, will be deemed
preferable to the bitter hostility of Rus-
sia, the coolness of Germany, and the ab-
solute impossibility that she can much
longer help prop up the rotten empire
of Turkey.

Pending the answers of the powers,
Russia is pursuing a policy tending to
still further exhaust the Turks. Hold-
ing a powerful army on her borders near
the Pruth, and ready to cross it at any
time, the Turks are compelled to keep a
large army in the field, and to strain all
their resources. It is exhausting their
money, weakening their sinews of war,
and keeping them in a most demoraliz-
ing state of doubt and uncertainty.
Meanwhile it adds to the Turkish de-
pression that the powers have expressed an
unfavorable opinion of the guarantee
demanded of Serbia, and that Serbia her-
self has rejected them.

Fish Culture in Michigan.

The second report of the Superintend-
ent of the Michigan State Fisheries is an
exceedingly interesting document. Some
idea of the magnitude of the work of the
Superintendent will be gathered from the
statement that during the year there
have been deposited in the waters of the
State nearly 10,000,000 spawn, embrac-
ing salmon, whitefish, bass, pickerel,
and other varieties of food fish. The
State has gone into the subject of fish
culture with an enthusiasm and discre-
tion that must produce a marked effect
in the cost of living to the masses of the
State. Ample appropriations have been
made by the Legislature for the purpose,
and the game laws are such as fully
protect the fish from the inroads of the
vandals who style themselves fishermen.

Cost of Reaping Cotton.

Since the invention of the cotton-gin
nothing is so much needed in the South
as a picker capable of doing for cotton
just what the reaping-machines are doing
for the wheat crop of the world. At the
present time the customary price for
hand-picking is 75 cents per 100 pounds
of seed cotton, the average yield of which
in marketable lint is 33 pounds. The
cost of gathering cotton by hand, there-
fore, is 21 cents per pound, an item
which appropriate machinery should re-
duce 50 per centum or more. A cotton
picker capable of garnering three-
fourths or even two-thirds of the yield
would be a blessing to the South and
give the inventor a Croesus-like fortune.

Punishment of Savings Bank Thieves.

A bill has been introduced into the
New York Legislature by Mr. O'Hare,
of New York, directing that any sav-
ings bank officer or employee who misap-
propriates any savings bank funds shall
be deemed guilty of felony, and be sen-
tenced to imprisonment at hard labor in
a State prison for from two to five years,
and to pay a fine of three times the
amount appropriated. Any other par-
ticipant in the misappropriation shall be
liable to imprisonment for a similar
term. Any person concerned in the

preparation of false statements shall be
deemed guilty of felony, punishable by
imprisonment from two to five years.

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 12, 1877.

The past week has been a busy one in the
Legislative halls. Members who took the op-
portunity afforded by a week's adjournment to
visit and consult with their constituency re-
turned loaded down with petitions, memorials
and local bills.

In the House a bill has been passed prohib-
iting the marriage of first cousins. The ques-
tion provoked a lively discussion and con-
siderable merriment. Some of the old mem-
bers testified to having had "many a good
time with their cousins," and some of the
young members thought it hard that they
should be deprived of the same privilege—but
the wise law-makers were merciless and the bill
passed by over two-thirds majority. Of course
it has yet to run the gauntlet of the Senate
and gubernatorial criticism before becoming a law,
and all the first cousins who want to marry will
do well to improve the time, as their consanguineal
engagements are in imminent danger of being
interfered with.

Another little "Marriage bill" still lingers be-
hind. It provides that no male under 21
years of age, nor female under 18 years,
shall be qualified to contract marriage without
the consent of his or her parents or guardian. Of
course the young folks will send in a strong re-
sponse against this bill. The arguments,
pro and con, have been very interesting. As an
argument in favor of early marriages, Pat Mc-
Ginnis, the jovial auctioneer from Detroit, in-
formed the House that there was only sixteen
years' difference between the ages of himself
yesterday and his wife. Very naturally Pat
is a little blunt of perception, wanted to know
which was the oldest. All agreed that Pat was
individually a very weighty argument in favor
of early marriages. Further consideration of
the bill was postponed for ten days, in order to
"give the boys a chance" to prepare their little
speeches.

Capt. Allen, Representative from Ypsilanti,
"preached" to the boys at the Reform School
yesterday, and while speaking of religious mat-
ters it might not be amiss to mention the fact
that some of the staff deacons of the
House and Senate attended the "Light Guard
ball," at the armory Friday evening, much to
the discomfiture of Rev. Johnson, who seems
to have assumed a sort of pastoral care over
the members.

Dr. Reynolds, the great temperance reformer,
visited Lansing during the adjournment of the
Legislature, and, as a consequence, red rib-
bons and white ribbons are very conspicuous.
The Doctor was very successful here, as he has
been elsewhere, and seemingly has done much
good. It is universally regretted that he could
not remain until the convening of the Legisla-
ture, as many of the members would have been
pleased to hear him, and some, no doubt, ben-
efited thereby.

It is well known that during the last cam-
paign very large sums of money were wasted
upon the result of the election of State and
other officials. The law prohibiting betting
lacks some very essential features, and a bill
was introduced Saturday which proposes to
check the great evil by the following pen-
alties: Any person betting money, or
other property on the result of an election,
is made liable to a fine of not less than \$25
or more than \$1,000, and in addition thereto
be disqualified from voting at the election upon
the result of the election. The penalty for sell-
ing or offering to sell pools upon the result of
an election is even more severe, including im-
prisonment for a limited term in the county
jail. The feature disqualifying the person from
voting is believed, will tend to secure its en-
forcement.

A bill was introduced Friday, amending
the charter of the Michigan Central Railroad com-
pany. This will be a huge question to grapple
with, and it is important that the greatest care
be exercised in dealing with the matter. Rail-
roads should not be crippled by unjust legisla-
tion, nor should they be allowed to build up
large monopolies to oppress the people.

One of the most important bills yet presented
is that providing for the incorporation of an
internal benefit loan and savings association. These
associations are said to be very numerous in
Canada and Great Britain, and are also said
to be popular and successful.

The State institutions are asking for about
\$1,000,000 for buildings and for current ex-
penses, which are most modest. In the
demands will probably get all they ask, but
some may be disappointed to a considerable ex-
tent. The State University wants a new library
building. It is thought by some that the in-
stitution may be accommodated in a way not
anticipated by the management when they
asked for the appropriation. That is, that
the medical department be abolished and the
building now used for it devoted to other pur-
poses. Those who are in favor of the new
extensive library, and, if pathetically in a
knock for admission at the doors of the Uni-
versity, I can hardly see why it would not be
better to withdraw State support from medical
science entirely. It is questionable whether the
State has any more right to support "pathy"
in medicine than it has to support "creed" in religion.

The celebrated "Beard claim" is again be-
fore the Legislature, and has been referred
to the Senate committee. We hope the matter
may be finally settled this winter. If
the claim is a just one it should be paid. If
not a just one it should be so thoroughly re-
buked that all future efforts to press it upon
the Legislature should be discouraged.

It was hoped that the present legislative
session would be a short one, but bills are pouring
in at a rapid rate, and already there is before
the body more business than has been done at
any previous sessions during the last few
years. I hope no hurried legislation will
be allowed, yet the thought of staying for
more than three months in the miserably ven-
ilated, uncomfortable old building used as a
State House is not at all pleasant.

Legislative Proceedings.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 7.—SENATE.—In the Sen-
ate nothing of importance was done. In the morn-
ing it passed a bill appropriating \$200 per year
for two years for the State Pioneer Society. The after-
noon session lasted only about fifteen minutes.

HOUSE.—Thirty petitions were presented as
various subjects and eighteen bills. The fol-
lowing bills were passed: Relative to the or-
ganization and the meetings of the Legislature,
to amend section 1 of chapter 35 of the compiled
laws of 1871, being compiler's section 1384, relat-
ing to the observance of the first day of the week;
to amend section 36 of an act entitled an act to
incorporate the city of Lansing; to change the
names of Agnes B. Frye, Francis W. Frye, Jennie
M. Frye, Margaret N. Frye, Grace B. Frye, Agnes
L. Frye, John E. Frye, and Hampton R. Frye, of
the surname of Stevens.

THURSDAY, Feb. 8.—SENATE.—The Senate,
in committee of the whole, had under consideration
Senate bill No. 36, relative to fixing the salary of the
Railroad Commissioner and clerk. The bill was
finally re-committed. A resolution requiring com-
mittees reporting appropriations for the several de-
partments to give an itemized statement of the
amount of the several accounts was debated at length,
and finally passed.

HOUSE.—A bill was passed to amend the law relat-
ing to intermarriage. It provides that "no man
shall marry his mother, grandmother, daughter,
granddaughter, stepmother, grandchild's wife,
son's wife, grandson's wife, wife's mother,
wife's grandmother, wife's daughter, wife's grand-
daughter; nor his sister, brother's daughter, his
sister's daughter, father's sister, or mother's
sister; nor his father's brother's daughter, nor his
father's sister's daughter, nor his mother's
brother's daughter, nor his mother's sister's daugh-
ter." The same prohibitions are placed upon women.

Much time was consumed in committee of the
whole on a bill to prevent girls under 21 years of
age and boys under 21 years from marrying, many
of the members giving their experience from their
youth up, how they had loved and married, and
how they regretted their entire satisfaction.

FRIDAY, Feb. 9.—SENATE.—A bill was in-
troduced that owners of stations must file with the
County Clerk a pedigree of each station, and making
it a penal offense either to neglect filing such pedi-
gree or to file a false pedigree. Also a bill compelling
owners of halls and places of public assemblies to

obtain certificates of safety of halls, etc., from the
proper authority.